

# THE LITERARY GUARDIAN,

And Spectator of

BOOKS, FINE ARTS, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, AND FASHIONS.

No. 11.

CONTAINING SIXTEEN QUARTO PAGES

For TWOPENCE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1831.

## Spectator of Books.

### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

*Tales of My Landlord, Fourth and Last Series; collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish-Clerk of Gandercleuch.* 4 vols. Cadell, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

HAVING last week done our best at analyzing Sir Walter Scott's "Castle Dangerous," it is now our pleasing task to give the reader a few of the choicest passages from its companion, entitled "Count Robert of Paris," which is considerably the longer of the two, occupying the whole of the first two volumes, and a considerable portion of volume three. Before proceeding to our extracts, we have to thank our worthy friend, *The Spectator*, for the following concise sketch of the character and plot of this production:—

"The subject of 'Count Robert of Paris' was some time ago made known by an injudicious and unfair extract, copied from an American paper; to which the editor, Jedediah Cleishbotham, takes an opportunity of alluding, in no measured terms of indignation. It turns upon Byzantine history, that curious and most voluminous subject, which our Gibbon has sounded rather than given us the chart of. It is contained in many and huge volumes, among which not the least remarkable is the history of the Princess Comnena, whose ornate and affected style is very often imitated by Sir Walter with great felicity, and who is herself a principal person in the story. The epoch chosen is the passage of the crusaders, under Godfrey of Bulloign, and their temporary occupation of Constantinople in their way to the Holy Land. Count Robert of Paris, one of the bravest and most impetuous knights of the valiant host, is the hero; and if heroine there be, it is his valiant and chivalrous wife, Brinhelda, the lady of Aspramonte, who married the knight who alone could unhorse her in a tilting-match.—These two personages (the last of whom is fictitious, and imagined from Gæta, the wife of Guiscard, a female warrior often commemorated by Anna Comnena,) be-

come involved with the imperial family. Count Robert is entrapped, and imprisoned in the dungeons of the Blacquernel, while his Amazonian wife is exposed to the courtship of the enamoured and effeminate Cæsar, Nicephorus Briennius, the commander-in-chief, and the son-in-law of the emperor, being the husband of the celebrated Anna herself. At the same time, a conspiracy (for it was the land of conspiracy and hypocrisy—of outward devotion and inward treachery,) is going on to deprive the emperor of his throne. The machinations of all parties are confounded and defeated, by the fidelity and courage of one of the Varangean guard; Saxon exiles from England, who, when driven from their native land by the Normans, offered their services to the Byzantine emperor, and became his body guard; and were remarkable, in a country of disgraceful effeminacy, adulation, and slavery, equally for the barbarian virtues of truth and fidelity. Sir Walter, as of old, has done deserved honour to the Saxon character; and the Varangean guard Hereward is one of the most interesting characters of the tale, where all may be said to be interesting, if not for the beauty of the traits, at least for the exquisite propriety with which they are drawn, the truth of their sentiments, the spirit of their conversation, and the life of their actions."

We will first endeavour to introduce our readers to a scene, in the description of which our illustrious author has displayed considerable elaborateness and breadth of pencil; we allude to the homage paid by the chiefs of the crusaders to Alexius, the Grecian emperor, when on the point of crossing the Bosphorus in quest of that Palestine which they had vowed to regain. We take the liberty of abridging this passage considerably of its fair proportions:—

"The Emperor Alexius, with trembling joy, beheld the crusaders approach a conclusion, to which he had hoped to bribe them rather by interested means than by reasoning;—he was resolved to make this ceremony so public, and to interest men's minds in it by such a display of the imperial pomp and magnificence, that it should not either pass unknown or be easily forgotten."

"An extensive terrace, one of the numerous spaces which extend along the coast of the Propontis, was chosen for the site of the magnificent ceremony. Here was placed an elevated and august throne, calculated for

the use of the emperor alone. On this occasion, by suffering no other seats within view of the pageant, the Greeks endeavoured to secure a point of ceremony peculiarly dear to their vanity; namely, that none of that presence, save the emperor himself, should be seated." Here, surrounded by his court, and his home and foreign troops, the emperor endeavoured to assume an air of fearlessness and complacency, and did his best through the whole ceremonial to impress on the armed multitude the highest idea of his own grandeur, and the importance of the occasion which had brought them together. "This," adds Sir Walter, "was readily admitted by the higher chiefs; some because their vanity had been propitiated;—some because their avarice had been gratified;—some because their constitution had been inflamed;—and a few, a very few, because to remain friends with Alexius was the most probable means of advancing the purposes of their expedition. Accordingly, the great lords, from these various motives, practised a humility which, perhaps, they were far from feeling, and carefully abstained from all which might seem like irreverence at the solemn festival of the Grecians. But there were very many of a different temper.

"Of the great number of counts, lords, and knights, under whose variety of banners the crusaders were led to the walls of Constantinople, many were too insignificant to be bribed to this distasteful measure of homage; and these, though they felt it dangerous to oppose resistance, yet mixed their submission with taunts, ridicule, and such contraventions of decorum, as plainly intimated that they entertained resentment and scorn at the step they were about to take.

"Struggling with his feelings of offended pride, tempered by a prudent degree of apprehension, the emperor endeavoured to receive with complacency a homage tendered in mockery. An incident shortly took place of a character highly descriptive of the nations brought together in so extraordinary a manner, and with such different feelings and sentiments. Several bands of French had passed, in a sort of procession, the throne of the emperor, and rendered, with some appearance of gravity, the usual homage. On this occasion they bent their knees to Alexius, placed their hands within his, and in that posture paid the ceremonies of feudal fealty. But when



it came to the turn of Bohemond of Antioch to render this fealty, the emperor, desirous to show every species of honour to this wily person, his former enemy, and now apparently his ally, advanced two or three paces towards the sea-side, where the boats lay as if in readiness for his use.

"The distance to which the emperor moved was very small, and it was assumed as a piece of deference to Bohemond; but it became the means of exposing Alexius himself to a cutting affront, which his guards and subjects felt deeply, as an intentional humiliation. A half-score of horsemen, attendants of the Frankish Count who was next to perform the homage, with their lord at their head, set off at full gallop from the right flank of the French squadrons, and arriving before the throne, which was yet empty, they at once halted. The rider at the head of the band was a strong Herculean figure, with a decided and stern countenance, though extremely handsome, looking out from thick black curls. His head was surmounted with a barret cap, while his hands, limbs, and feet were covered with garments of chamois leather, over which he in general wore the ponderous and complete armour of his country. This, however, he had laid aside for personal convenience, though in doing so he evinced a total neglect of the ceremonial which marked so important a meeting. He waited not a moment for the Emperor's return, nor regarded the impropriety of obliging Alexius to hurry his steps back to his throne, but sprung from his gigantic horse, and threw the reins loose, which were instantly seized by one of the attendant pages. Without a moment's hesitation the Frank seated himself in the vacant throne of the Emperor, and extending his half-armed and robust figure on the golden cushions which were destined for Alexius, he indolently began to caress a large wolf-hound which had followed him, and which, feeling itself as much at ease as its master, reposed its grim form on the carpets of silk and gold damask, which tapestried the imperial footstool. The very hound stretched itself with a bold, ferocious insolence, and seemed to regard no one with respect, save the stern knight whom it called master.

"The Emperor, turning back from the short space which, as a special mark of favour, he had accompanied Bohemond, beheld with astonishment his seat occupied by this insolent Frank. The bands of the half savage Varangians who were stationed around, would not have hesitated an instant in avenging the insult, by prostrating the violator of their master's throne even in this act of his contempt, had they not been restrained by Achilles Tatius and other officers, who were uncertain what the Emperor would do, and somewhat timor-

ous of taking a resolution for themselves. —Meanwhile, the uncereemonious knight spoke aloud, in a speech which, though provincial, might be understood by all to whom the French language was known, while even those who understood it not, gathered its interpretation from his tone and manner. 'What churl is this,' he said, 'who has remained sitting stationary like a block of wood, or the fragment of a rock, when so many noble knights, the flower of chivalry and muster of gallantry, stand uncovered around, among the thrice conquered Varangians?'

"A deep, clear accent replied, as if from the bottom of the earth, so like it was to the accents of some being from the other world.—'If the Normans desire battle of the Varangians, they will meet them in the lists man to man, without the poor boast of insulting the Emperor of Greece, who is well known to fight only by the battle-axes of his guard.'

"The astonishment was so great when this answer was heard, as to affect even the knight, whose insult upon the Emperor had occasioned it; and amid the efforts of Achilles to retain his soldiers within the bounds of subordination and silence, a loud murmur seemed to intimate that they would not long remain so. Bohemond returned through the press with a celerity which did not so well suit the dignity of Alexius, and catching the crusader by the arm, he, something between fair means and a gentle degree of force, obliged him to leave the chair of the Emperor in which he had placed himself so boldly.

"'How is it,' said Bohemond, 'noble Count of Paris? Is there one in this great assembly who can see with patience, that your name, so widely renowned for valour, is now to be quoted in an idle brawl with hirelings, whose utmost boast it is to bear a mercenary battle-axe in the rank of the Emperor's guards? For shame—for shame—do not, for the discredit of Norman chivalry, let it be so!'

"'I know not,' said the crusader, rising reluctantly—'I am not nice of choosing the degree of my adversary, when he bears himself like one who is willing and forward in battle. I am good-natured, I tell thee, Count Bohemond; and Turk or Tartar, or wandering Anglo-Saxon, who only escapes from the chain of the Norman to become the slave of the Greek, is equally welcome to whet his blade clean against my armour, if he desires to achieve such an honourable office.'

"The Emperor had heard what passed—had heard it with indignation, mixed with fear; for he imagined the whole scheme of his policy was about to be overturned at once by a premeditated scheme of personal affront, and probably an assault upon his person. He was about to call to arms, when, casting his eyes on the

right flank of the crusaders, he saw that all remained quiet after the Frank baron had transferred himself from thence. He therefore instantly resolved to let the insult pass, as one of the rough pleasantries of the Franks, since the advance of more troops did not give any symptom of an actual onset."

Our heroine, Brenhilda, and her amiable courtship, are thus pleasantly described:—

"Brenhilda, Countess of Paris, was one of those stalwart dames who willingly hazarded themselves in the front of battle, which, during the first crusade, was as common as it was possible for a very unnatural custom to be, and, in fact, gave the real instances of the Marphisas and Bradamantes, whom the writers of romance delighted to paint, assigning them sometimes the advantage of invulnerable armour, or a spear whose thrust did not admit of being resisted, in order to soften the improbability of the weaker sex being frequently victorious over the male part of the creation.

"But the spell of Brenhilda was of a more simple nature, and rested chiefly in her great beauty.

"From a girl, she despised the pursuits of her sex; and they who ventured to become suitors for the hand of the young Lady of Aspramonte, to which warlike fief she had succeeded, and which perhaps encouraged her in her fancy, received for answer, that they must first merit it by their good behaviour in the lists. The father of Brenhilda was dead; her mother was of a gentle temper, and easily kept under management by the young lady herself.

"Brenhilda's numerous suitors readily agreed to terms which were too much according to the manners of the age to be disputed. A tournament was held at the Castle of Aspramonte, in which one-half of the gallant assembly rolled headlong before their successful rivals, and withdrew from the lists mortified and disappointed. The successful party among the suitors were expected to be summoned to joust among themselves. But they were surprised at being made acquainted with the lady's further will. She aspired to wear armour herself, to wield a lance, and back a steed, and prayed the knights that they would permit a lady, whom they professed to honour so highly, to mingle in their games of chivalry. The young knights courteously received their young mistress in the lists, and smiled at the idea of her holding them triumphantly against so many gallant champions of the other sex. But the vassals and old servants of the Count, her father, smiled to each other, and intimated a different result than the gallants anticipated. The knights who encountered the fair Brenhilda were one by one stretched on the sand; nor was it



to be denied, that the situation of tilting with one of the handsomest women of the time, was an extremely embarrassing one. Each youth was bent to withhold his charge in full volley, to cause his steed to swerve at the full shock, or in some other way to flinch from doing the utmost which was necessary to gain the victory, lest, in so gaining it, he might cause irreparable injury to the beautiful opponent he tilted with. But the Lady of Aspramonte was not one who could be conquered by less than the exertion of the whole strength and talents of the victor. The defeated suitors departed from the lists the more mortified at their discomfiture, because Robert of Paris arrived at sunset, and, understanding what was going forward, sent his name to the barriers, as that of a knight who would willingly forego the reward of the tournament, in case he had the fortune to gain it, declaring, that neither lands nor ladies' charms were what he came thither to seek. Brenhilda, piqued and mortified, chose a new lance, mounted her best steed, and advanced into the lists as one determined to avenge upon the new assailant's brow the slight of her charms which he seemed to express. But whether her displeasure had somewhat interfered with her usual skill, or whether she had, like others of her sex, felt a partiality towards one whose heart was not particularly set upon gaining hers, or whether, as is often said on such occasions, her fated hour was come, so it was that Count Robert tilted with his usual address and good fortune. Brenhilda of Aspramonte was unhorsed and unhelmed, and stretched on the earth, and the beautiful face, which faded from very red to deadly pale before the eyes of the victor, produced its natural effect in raising the value of his conquest. He would, in conformity with his resolution, have left the castle, after having mortified the vanity of the lady; but her mother opportunely interposed; and when she had satisfied herself that no serious injury had been sustained by the young heiress, she returned her thanks to the stranger knight who had taught her daughter a lesson, which, she trusted, she would not easily forget. Thus tempted to do what he secretly wished, Count Robert gave ear to those sentiments which naturally whispered to him to be in no hurry to withdraw."

We must conclude our extracts with a scene of single combat between Prince Tancred and Count Robert, which if it be found rather wanting in that nervous energy which characterizes most of Sir Walter Scott's earlier descriptions of feats of arms, is, nevertheless, interesting and worthy of its author:—

"The first blows were given and parried with great caution, and Prince Tancred and others thought, that on the part of Count Robert, the caution was much

greater than usual; but, in combat as in food, the appetite increases with the exercise. The fiercer passions began, as usual, to awaken with the clash of arms and the sense of deadly blows, some of which were made with great fury on either side, and parried with considerable difficulty, and not so completely but what blood flowed on both their parts. The Greeks looked with astonishment on a single combat, such as they had seldom witnessed, and held their breath as they beheld the furious blows dealt by either warrior, and expected with each stroke the annihilation of one or other of the combatants. As yet, their strength and agility seemed somewhat equally matched, although those who judged with more pretension to knowledge, were of opinion, that Count Robert spared putting forth some part of the military skill for which he was celebrated; and the remark was generally made and allowed, that he had surrendered a great advantage by not insisting upon his right to fight upon horseback. On the other hand, it was the general opinion that the gallant Varangian omitted to take advantage of one or two opportunities afforded him by the heat of Count Robert's temper, who obviously was incensed at the duration of the combat.

"Accident, at length, seemed about to decide what had been hitherto an equal combat. Count Robert, making a feint on one side of his antagonist, struck him on the other, which was uncovered, with the edge of his weapon, so that the Varangian reeled, and seemed in the act of falling to the earth. The usual sound made by spectators at the sight of any painful or unpleasant circumstance, by drawing the breath between the teeth, was suddenly heard to pass through the assembly, while a female voice loud and eagerly exclaimed,—'Count Robert of Paris!—forget not this day that thou owest a life to Heaven and me.' The count was in the act of again seconding his blow, with what effect could hardly be judged, when this cry reached his ears, and apparently took away his disposition for farther combat.

"'I acknowledge the debt,' he said, sinking his battle-axe, and retreating two steps from his antagonist, who stood in astonishment, scarcely recovered from the stunning effect of the blow by which he was so nearly prostrated. He sunk the blade of his battle-axe in imitation of his antagonist, and seemed to wait in suspense what was to be the next process of the combat. 'I acknowledge my debt,' said the valiant Count of Paris, 'alike to Bertha of Britain and to the Almighty, who has preserved me from the crime of ungrateful blood-guiltiness.—You have seen the fight, gentlemen,' turning to Tancred and his chivalry, 'and can testify, on your honour, that it has been maintained fairly on both sides, and without advantage on either. I

presume my honourable antagonist has by this time satisfied the desire which brought me under his challenge, and which certainly had no taste in it of personal or private quarrel. On my part, I retain towards him such a sense of personal obligation, as would render my continuing this combat, unless compelled to it by self-defence, a shameful and sinful action.'"

#### NORTH OF EUROPE.

*Letters from the North of Europe; or, Journal of Travels in Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Prussia, and Saxony.* By C. B. Elliott. Colburn and Bentley.

MR. ELLIOTT'S book is one of those, the less said about which the better. For, to enter into lengthened disquisition upon a matter whose sole merit or demerit consists in the taste or style of its execution, is but like minutely describing a fricando or plum-pudding to those who would much rather judge of its peculiar excellences from actual and personal experience. To us, therefore, who, whether from laziness or diffidence we know not, are very much prone to the laconic style of criticism, the present work is peculiarly acceptable; and we with pleasure pick out a few choice *morceaux* for the edification of our readers.

As Mr. Elliott has already enumerated in his title-page the principal points of his route, we have no need for further preliminary matter, and proceed at once to our extracts.

The following is a pretty little sketch:—  
"The Cemetery of the Danish Capital is a miniature of that of Père la Chaise. The graves of the young and the aged, the warrior and the bride, are all decked with flowers, whose name or character qualifies them to serve as emblems of grief or of perpetual remembrance. Some of the epitaphs and devices are pretty; one motto consists of the simple and familiar words, 'Not lost, but gone before;' another, 'I shall see you again;' a third, in Danish verse, may be thus translated: 'Rest, O sweetly rest, dear! in the garden of the dead, amid graves, and flowers, and tears, till little angels, bearing the "forget-me-not," shall summon me to join thee in eternity.' One grave contains the relics of a mother, whose husband and six orphans are represented in marble, exquisitely wrought, as doves brooding over their sorrows, and the dust of her they loved. The ages of the little ones are represented by the size of the nestlings; and the widowed mate covers with his wings the last half-fledged pledge of conjugal love. The scenery around is beautiful: the cypress and the myrtle are wanting; or, as I gazed, I could have fancied that in that spot, and over that tomb, were written those exqui-



site lines which tell of 'the love of the turtle.' The Jews have here, as always, a separate burying-ground; their corpses are interred in a standing position, with the face turned towards Jerusalem."

We now turn to the account of our author's

*Expedition across the Mountains of Norway.*—"The sun set in the N.N.W. For two hours we pursued our course by twilight over a country wilder than imagination can conceive. Barren rocks and broad morasses were varied only now and then by heaths and lichens thinly scattered; yet sometimes a hill would rise to view, gilded with rein-deer moss, like crystals of the flour of sulphur, and shining with a beauty peculiar to itself. The weather was inclement; it rained hard, and the cold was intense. Our servant had dropped behind with fatigue; and, for two successive hours, the guide had been saying that we were within a mile of a hut which would afford something like shelter for the night. The minutes dragged heavily along; hope and fear succeeded each other in rapid alternation; and the promised haven seemed to retreat before us. At length, an hour before midnight, we reached it, and, perhaps, never entered the home of our fathers with so much thankfulness as we did this pile of stones; for, suspecting that the guide had lost his way, we were anticipating continued exposure to the tempestuous elements. The stones forming the hut, if such a title it could merit, were rudely and irregularly put together; a hole in the centre let out the smoke and admitted the fresh air; the former had no other exit, the latter had free entrance on every side. Four women and three children were lying on two litters, which nearly filled the hut; the intermediate space was occupied by a calf. Ranged round the sides were bowls of milk and cream, the produce of a herd of cows, whose lowing indicated an unaccustomed intrusion. The smell and filth were almost intolerable; but our minds were braced to the encounter. Three horse-blankets were laid on the wet ground, and our feet were turned towards the smoking embers of the fire. Thus, wrapped in cloaks, we slept a little; but the rain beat in so violently, that it was not possible to repose for any length of time. The morning dawned, disclosing the full wretchedness of the hovel which darkness had covered with a friendly veil. The squalid filth of the women was exceeded, if possible, by that of the naked children; and we agreed that the bleak mountains, under a sky emptying its watery freight before a cutting wind, were preferable to such a resting-place. After breakfasting on smoked bacon and some husky rye cakes, whose dryness and inequalities, but for a thick layer of cream, would have impeded their

progress down the throat, we renewed our journey at nine in the morning. Two hours' halt was granted to the patient animals. After ten hours of hard marching over trackless mountains, on the limits of perpetual congelation, and in a drenching rain, we accomplished three-and-twenty miles. With the exception of a herd of rein-deer, perhaps a hundred in number, who fled as we disturbed their mossy meal, and the plovers, whose plaintive cry consoled well with the discomfort of our condition, scarcely a sign of animal or vegetable existence was to be seen. Our course the preceding day was W. by S., and the mountain where we stopped the guide called Recshion. This day we travelled west; and to the spot attained at night (whether capriciously or otherwise I cannot say) he gave the name of Feelsihoon.—Descending a few hundred feet, we found a pile of stones similar to that already described, but without a tenant. It was probably raised by some venturesome hunters, who, living in the nearest and most elevated village on the north-east of the Hardanger, and exploring in successive journeys a little and a little more of the inhospitable field, have fixed this as the limit of their bold essay; and who, perhaps, annually pass a night here, to enjoy the chase of the deer. Whatever its origin, it screened us in some degree from the severity of the cold, which at this altitude, with patches of snow on every side, is intense even in the day-time."

Our next extract contains a great deal of curious matter relative to

*Norwegian Customs.*—"The Storthing is now sitting—I have just been to the assembly. It presents a curious spectacle.—Some of the members are dressed in coarse woollen cloth like blanketing, with hair hanging profusely over the shoulders, broad-brimmed hats of various shapes, and boots of a certain size. The whole costume, as well as their humble mode of speaking, or rather reading, their opinions, attests the unsophisticated simplicity of these worthy sons of our northern ancestry. They tell a tale of days once known in England, before the progress of luxury had introduced abuses which call for a corrective hand—the hand of a moderate, judicious, and Christian reform. After the labours of the day, the members all dine together in a large room on the first floor of the hotel in which I lodge;—the table is laid out neatly, but not sumptuously, and decorated with flowers; a simple and beautiful substitute for the silver ornaments of more luxurious countries. The constitution is purely democratic; abhorrence of an aristocracy is carried to such an extent, that only three of the ancient nobility are left in Norway, and their titles will die with them, or with their sons. Moral excellence is hereafter to form the only dis-

tinction between man and man. The established form of religion is Lutheran, nor are there many sectarians. The churches are very plain, built generally of wood, and little ornamented inside or out. Norway is one of the few countries in which no Jews are found. When silver mines were first discovered, a foolish prejudice prevailed that these lovers of money would secure and retain possession of the coin; they were therefore expelled. Thus here, as every where, the sons of Judah are a 'by word' among the people; an example of retributive justice and accomplished prophecy. I have already casually expressed, on two or three occasions, my opinion of the national character of the Norse, nor can I add much to what has been said on that subject. Like all mountaineers, they are devotedly attached to their country, and inspire the love of liberty with the free air of their mountains. The better orders are kind and hospitable, opening to the traveller their houses and their hearts; among the lower classes, on the contrary, there is an avidity of money, with an indifference as to the means of acquiring it, that reminds one of Italy. They are addicted to drinking; and the climate, rendering fermented liquor perhaps, in some degree, necessary, is pleaded in excuse for the indulgence of an odious vice. The men are taller than the Swedes—perhaps nearly as tall as ourselves, and the women in proportion. Both sexes are very fair, with teeth of virgin white, light auburn hair, and cheeks in which the eloquent blood bespeaks health, happiness, and freedom. The general mode of salutation is by shaking hands, which they do with great cordiality. The common food of the peasantry is milk, cheese, butter, and oat or rye cakes, about the size of pancakes, but a little thicker, (like the Indian *chipattees*,) which they call in the Norse tongue '*flut-brod*.' To this simple diet some piquant dried fish is added, such as herring or smoked salmon; the latter, cut in slices, affords a delicious morsel even to an Englishman. I am told that some of the numerous mosses with which the mountains abound are eaten in times of scarcity; and that that called Icelandic Moss, (*lichen Islandicus*,) when boiled, yields a very nutritious gelatinous substance. The houses of the peasants swarm with vermin, which are secreted by the moss stuffed into the interstices of the logs that form the walls. Probably the mode of huddling together at night, adopted by these people, is attributable to the difficulty of securing themselves from loathsome insects. Something like a large box is placed in one corner of the room, with some straw and sheep-skins at the bottom. In this the whole family deposit themselves without distinction of sex or age. The better classes adopt the uncomfortable



German mode of sleeping between two feather beds."

We conclude with two brief paragraphs; recommending the work to the further consideration of our readers.

*Bernadotte.*—"One cannot but feel that Bernadotte is really a great man. His manners are affable, his countenance handsome, and his figure commanding, though not tall. He maintains but little state, and in Sweden is popular. He is reputed to have said—certainly with more vanity than good taste, 'I am so martial, that when I look in the glass I am frightened at myself.' The prince's features are not so regular, nor is his expression so open, as his father's; at the same time, there is something pleasing in his appearance."

*Russian Spies.*—"Innkeepers, English, German, and native, are so completely in the hands of the police, that not one of them is to be trusted. A person taking out a license to keep a hotel virtually enlists himself, *ipso facto*, among the public spies. A man dares scarcely to confide in his own brother. If Napoleon's saying be true, that every one has his price, he ought not; for the government will give any price to a spy. Neither the highest rank nor official situation secures its possessor against the operation of this corrupt system. It is rumoured that when \*\*\* was ambassador to this court, he found the lock of his writing-case had been tampered with; and so conscious of her insecurity was the late unfortunate Queen of Prussia, that, during her residence at St. Petersburg, she invariably carried on her person all her secret papers."

#### A SEA STORY.

*Cavendish, or the Patrician at Sea.* 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is like most nautical novels, a wild and extravagant composition, with plenty of materials, and very little plot or forethought in their putting together. The hero is a harum-scarum young fellow, who, having done all the mischief he can on shore, goes to sea, where he meets with all kinds of adventures, and does a great deal more mischief, and finally returns home and marries. His narrative is rather over-stocked with oaths, and his love intrigues, which he forgets cannot be very interesting to third parties non-concerned, are too numerous by half. This book, however, is full of stirring incidents vividly described; of which the following, though perhaps too flighty and extravagant in parts, is a favourable specimen:—

#### A MAN OVERBOARD.

"Suddenly our conversation was interrupted by a heavy splash, and a cry of 'a man overboard!' 'Down with the buoy, and pipe the second cutter away,' cried the captain, springing to execute the first order

himself. In an instant four-fifths of the ship's company were on deck, and while D'Aquilar conducted the ladies to their cabin, I jumped into the cutter to pick up the drowning man. No time was lost in getting out our oars, and we pulled in the direction of the buoy whose port-fire was blazing in a beautiful manner, reflected by the waves around; and, as its vivid glare fell on each succeeding sea, we thought we could perceive the object of our search clinging to it for support.

"Before the boat could be lowered, and the ship hove-to, a space of at least ten minutes had elapsed,—consequently the buoy was nearly a mile distant; allowing a second space of that length to join it, the seaman would only then have been twenty minutes in the water. On coming up with it, the light was fast expiring; and not seeing the sailor, we gave utterance to his name in tones sufficiently loud for him to hear if he were at hand. No answer was returned. While one of the boat's crew took in the safety apparatus, I imagined I heard a cry farther down to leeward. 'Give way, my boys, I think I hear him, on the larboard bow there.'

"'Hark, sir,' the captain is hailing. 'Mr. Cavendish,' came faintly over the waters, for we had gradually drifted within hail of the ship. 'Sir!' 'Have you been able to pick him up?' 'No, sir.' 'We think you have got too far down to leeward there; cannot you hear somebody on your starboard bow? give way in that direction.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' I replied, and we immediately commenced rowing in the direction desired. 'There,' said the captain, again hailing, 'that is near the spot.'

"In vain, as we rested on our oars, did we listen to catch the faintest sound, while the utmost exertions of our eyesight could discern nothing more than the swelling waters. 'Hark!' exclaimed every one in the boat at the same moment. 'The cry that came from yonder was neither fish nor fowl, or my name's never Jack Rye,' said the coxswain. 'Up with your helm, then, my man, and let us make for it.' Accordingly we rowed as fast as possible towards the quarter alluded to. On reaching it, we could, however, discern nothing; and, making the men toss up their oars, and keep strict silence, we again listened. Mournfully the wind passed over the rising billows in a sudden gust, turning its dark blue ridge into fiery foam, as we floated over its crest, and then sinking down into the trough, left us becalmed; when, dying away, you heard—the sullen drip, drip, from the oars, as each drop fell scattering over the surface, like shooting stars, the phosphorescent globules, and mingling once more with the mass of waters, gloomily rolling on in their dark, unfathomed, boundless bed. Once as the wind mournfully sung over the upraised blades

of the oars, our fancy coined the low murmur into a human cry; slowly it died away. 'A lonesome night this—There—there it is again,' was re-echoed by all.

"'Rye,' said I, 'your voice is the strongest. Stand on one of the seats and hail him by name.' Accordingly at the topmost pitch of his voice the coxswain called three successive times; but the silence of the grave truly seemed to have closed upon him who should have answered, and no reply could be distinguished.

"'Poor fellow, it must be all over with him! we had better steer to the ship.'

"'No, stay. Listen, listen! Was that the cry once more?'

"'I think it was,' said the coxswain.

"'So do I,' said another.

"'I didn't hear it,' said a third.

"'Nor I,' said the stroke oar.

"I thought in the voice of the last speaker I could discover the tremblings of fear; and having heard how superstitious seamen sometimes are, I determined not to let any nonsense of the kind weigh with me, if by any possibility I could save the life of an unfortunate fellow-creature.

"'Come, my fine fellow, give way once more, and I hope this time our search may be successful.'

"'You're not going to cruise any more in this lone manner, are ye, sir?'

"'And why not, sir? You are not afraid of the Flying Dutchman, are you?'

"'Ah, sir, it's all very well to laugh at that you han't a seen, I have—'

"'Pooh, nonsense, hold your tongue. Round with her head, coxswain. I shall not return to the ship till we have been down to the quarter from whence those cries proceeded. What folly it would be if we were frightened away from a drowning man, because he wishes us to hear him!'

"Sullenly they applied themselves to the oars; it was evident all were affected by the cheerless scene; but I conceived this to be my line of duty, and was resolved not to flinch. 'Here he is at last,' I ejaculated in joyful surprise, grasping at some object that came floating by. But directly that my hand reached it, the want of weight convinced me I was again unhappy in the wrong; for it proved, on being lifted into the boat, to be nothing more than his painted straw hat. Inside it was stuffed a neckerchief, and between that and the crown an old worn letter.

"We had scarcely turned out these contents, when a noise in the water close astern attracted our attention. 'Well, then, this is he at any rate,' seeing what I imagined to be a human head coming towards me. 'Cheer up, my brave fellow,' said I. 'Hold him out two oars to grasp, before getting into the boat;' and I seized one for that purpose myself. Gradually the motion of swimming ceased; for we



could perceive the long dark body in the phosphorescent light. My oar had, however, no sooner touched the water than, instead of seeing the man stretch out his hand, as I expected, the head disappeared; and at a distance of six feet the water was dashed upon us in one large sheet, while rays of fire seemed darting in every direction over the ocean, concentrating into a focus round our boat, which received a tremendous shock on the keel, as if from some body gliding beneath.

"For the space of two minutes not a word was uttered; we sank on our seats like figures turned to stone by the tremendous power of some voltaic battery. The livid countenances, the distended eye-balls, denoting the intense horror which prevailed on each,—the wildly desolate scene around us, acting on feelings already overstrung, proved too much for our presence of mind.

"His fate at least is sealed! What was that, Rye?"

"What, sir! why a shark; and that head, as you thought it, was his fin. There, now, I wouldn't a held the oar as you did to that ere devil, in the shape of a fish, no, not for three years' pay, ay, nor the prize-money of three galloons into the bargain."

"I say, there, Master Rye, not so bold if you please with that ere gentleman's name. There's never no good comes of talking of him, in that ere scolligate manner. Walls have ears, and why not waves? If it hadn't been done a'ready, we should a' been trumped in this way. See, there's a pretty squall brewing."

"Silence, sir, instantly silence. If I thought there were yet any chance of saving the man, you should row here till to-morrow morning, in spite of all the infernal habitants that Satan numbers."

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WE have read the greater part of this pretty little volume with considerable interest and pleasure. Its contents are light essays, romantic sketches, tales, poetry, &c.; the whole being, we believe, from the pen of Mr. Atkinson, who is also the publisher. The subjects touched upon are of an almost endless variety, and in each there is displayed considerable originality and elegance of style.

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"Like every body else, I never set out on an excursion, but I resolved to write down the observations which occurred to me, when what was either new or striking in character or scenery presented itself. Like every body else, I never fully fulfilled these laudable intentions. I have beside me as many half-filled and wholly soiled memorandum-books, as I have taken journeys in my lifetime. The first page is always very completely crammed, and carefully written. It comprises the date and hour of my departure,—and a resolution to employ all its successors to equal advantage. The second is more sparse; and only one-half of the third is obscured with pencilling. Neither the fourth nor fifth usually have a word upon them, but about the tenth I scribble some verses, resolving to fill up the preceding blanks with sober prose detail—at the *very first* leisure moment; a period of time which, rapidly as time proceeds, has never yet arrived. I have just been looking over the *disjecta membra* of my latest journal,—and here is a sample.

"July —, 18—.—A good horse beneath me, a cloak buckled before, and a valise behind,—a pleasant companion at my side, and ominous appearances of rain above me—off I set. In an hour I am very comfortably wet through. My route lies by Dumbarton. From the inn at Bowling to that at Dumbarton is the longest space called two miles on this side of the equator. Literature is at death's door at Dumbarton. The public library is cheek-by-jowl with the churchyard. The bridge is a fine

example of building in the style of the first letter of the alphabet. The nephew of the King of France, who crossed it the other day, thought of the famous exploit of his ancestor, who was known to

'March up a hill—and then march down again.'

Found a tollman whose faith was great; for, failing his copper currency, he had not brass to ask credit for the balance—but gave it! Smollett is a name delighted in everywhere but at Renton. The pillar that was reared to his memory, is no longer a monument to him—but of his descendants. Their taste for ruins surpasses Lord Elgin's. But they are not friends to letters. Champollion, or Dr. Browne, must visit and decipher the inscription. The air of Bonhill is injurious to marble everywhere, but in the hearts of landholders. However, a monument, which, like its late county member, stands up, but says nothing, is, like him,—shelved. It will make capital gateposts. Rain again. At Bellevue no prospect. At Belle-retiro no shelter. Luss in the dark, but lightened by a kind welcome. Memorandum—Marry and acquire children, and send them hither to climb the braes, and get the first branches of education—no place better. Luss water is perilously strong. Headache. Inveruglas—a pattern glen. The roads here become less ambitious, and more convenient. Surveyors have discovered that hills, like fat landladies, are 'as broad as they are long.' The name of the point of Firkin might suggest ideas of herring-barrels to a Scotch cockney. The road goes round it like a hoop;—we went with a halloo! Stockgown—a spot for a poet! May its possessor live as long as he likes, and leave it to me afterwards! Many a sheep's eye I've thrown at it. Coincident taste with the lord advocate, who longs for it too. Pleasing, but provoking. Fifty to one on him against me! Meanwhile let me express myself thus:—

"'Tis ever thus!—Let me but dream a hope,  
And sleep flies frighten'd ere the glimpse  
of day;

Whate'er I dare to wish for fades away,  
Like snow-flakes on the mountain's lofty  
slope,

But tinged, while melting, with a roseate  
ray,

As is the cloudlet, sunn'd into decay;  
Or it survives the rapture of its birth,

To live an alien—gladdening not its  
home!

There is a sunny spot upon the earth,  
Where I had hoped in manhood's prime to  
come,

And lay my brow upon the lap of Peace:

'Twill be another's ere that noontide  
hour!

But let all sorrow for his fortune cease;

'Tis pride to love like him—lord of his  
soul's high power!"

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may be amusing:—

"Like every body else, I never set out on an excursion, but I resolved to write down the observations which occurred to me, when what was either new or striking in character or scenery presented itself. Like every body else, I never fully fulfilled these laudable intentions. I have beside me as many half-filled and wholly soiled memorandum-books, as I have taken journeys in my lifetime. The first page is always very completely crammed, and carefully written. It comprises the date and hour of my departure,—and a resolution to employ all its successors to equal advantage. The second is more sparse; and only one-half of the third is obscured with pencilling. Neither the fourth nor fifth usually have a word upon them, but about the tenth I scribble some verses, resolving to fill up the preceding blanks with sober prose detail—at the *very first* leisure moment; a period of time which, rapidly as time proceeds, has never yet arrived. I have just been looking over the *disjecta membra* of my latest journal,—and here is a sample.

"July —, 18—.—A good horse beneath me, a cloak buckled before, and a valise behind,—a pleasant companion at my side, and ominous appearances of rain above me—off I set. In an hour I am very comfortably wet through. My route lies by Dumbarton. From the inn at Bowling to that at Dumbarton is the longest space called two miles on this side of the equator. Literature is at death's door at Dumbarton. The public library is cheek-by-jowl with the churchyard. The bridge is a fine

example of building in the style of the first letter of the alphabet. The nephew of the King of France, who crossed it the other day, thought of the famous exploit of his ancestor, who was known to

'March up a hill—and then march down again.'

Found a tollman whose faith was great; for, failing his copper currency, he had not brass to ask credit for the balance—but gave it! Smollett is a name delighted in everywhere but at Renton. The pillar that was reared to his memory, is no longer a monument to him—but of his descendants. Their taste for ruins surpasses Lord Elgin's. But they are not friends to letters. Champollion, or Dr. Browne, must visit and decipher the inscription. The air of Bonhill is injurious to marble everywhere, but in the hearts of landholders. However, a monument, which, like its late county member, stands up, but says nothing, is, like him,—shelved. It will make capital gateposts. Rain again. At Bellevue no prospect. At Belle-retiro no shelter. Luss in the dark, but lightened by a kind welcome. Memorandum—Marry and acquire children, and send them hither to climb the braes, and get the first branches of education—no place better. Luss water is perilously strong. Headache. Inveruglas—a pattern glen. The roads here become less ambitious, and more convenient. Surveyors have discovered that hills, like fat landladies, are 'as broad as they are long.' The name of the point of Firkin might suggest ideas of herring-barrels to a Scotch cockney. The road goes round it like a hoop;—we went with a halloo! Stockgown—a spot for a poet! May its possessor live as long as he likes, and leave it to me afterwards! Many a sheep's eye I've thrown at it. Coincident taste with the lord advocate, who longs for it too. Pleasing, but provoking. Fifty to one on him against me! Meanwhile let me express myself thus:—

"'Tis ever thus!—Let me but dream a hope,  
And sleep flies frighten'd ere the glimpse  
of day;

Whate'er I dare to wish for fades away,  
Like snow-flakes on the mountain's lofty  
slope,

But tinged, while melting, with a roseate  
ray,

As is the cloudlet, sunn'd into decay;

Or it survives the rapture of its birth,

To live an alien—gladdening not its  
home!

There is a sunny spot upon the earth,

Where I had hoped in manhood's prime to  
come,

And lay my brow upon the lap of Peace:

'Twill be another's ere that noontide  
hour!

But let all sorrow for his fortune cease;

'Tis pride to love like him—lord of his  
soul's high power!"

"Tarbet—English grooms unrivalled  
in rubbing down and swearing up. Work



as fast as they talk, though, and astonish honest Donald, by taking as much care of a horse as a baby, and washing it more than ever was done to 'wee Duncay.'—Glencoe—'Rest and be thankful' removed from its site. There we can neither rest nor be thankful now. A shoe and two hours lost. Highland road-menders exhibit the march of mind in the waggon they now pig snugly in, in place of sleeping on the heather. Sixteen go into very small space. Cairndow—Drunken blacksmith, choleric little landlord, with glimpses of pretty nieces through a window, and of a dinner—two hours off. Job. Farther draughts on patience dishonoured. 'No effects' in the stomach. Short landlord and long complaints. Good dinner after all. Enter Inverary like Sterne's Slawkenbergius, with arms akimbo, and noses lengthened out—by our cigars. The natives deem the fiery points, as seen through the gloom, ominous of an additional consumption of herrings next morning. Second sight right for once. Dalmally—A strive between the rain and our horses which should pelt fastest. Every body at church, even the hostler. The horses left behind, though; and, as Philpotts once said at Durham, 'Not a stall to be had.'—'Every man his own groom.' A torrent of eloquence and rain. Highlanders' hearts more easily penetrated than their plaids. Service over, but spiritual consolation in great request. The dinner such only as Pyle and Dalmally could furnish. Salmon firm as a rock, and flaky as snow; and mutton melting in the mouth like—Heaven knows what! Ride to Bunaw—finest in the world—site of the 'Highland Widow's' cottage. Blessings of the new act for churches. Good taste of their designs. Manses excellent. Sleep in one. Silent thanks to the absent and excellent owner. Connel Ferry—Scylla and Charybdis, and Corrievreckan.—Berigonium. Get poetical. See Sonnet perpetrated on the spot.

"Lochnell—Lately made a ten hours' ride from Edinburgh—bet gained and leather lost. Spa at Durar—the whisky preferable. Highland baronet resorting to it for a sea-bathing place—five miles inland. French wanderers in these wilds—a tune on the hurdy-gurdy. Malbrook in Appin! Portnacroish—Terrible breakfast. Appin House—the bird that drew me thither flown! Ballachelish—Good fortune, kind friends, distinguished guests, venerable prelate in full canonicals, scientific field-officer, and myself in a white coat! Thank Heaven, however, here a man's fitness is not measured any longer by the length of his tail! Loch Leven—Steam-boats penetrating now to the remotest wilds, wherever water can carry them, or lowland comforts have penetrated.—Why is there not one on Lochawe? Gi-

gantio or Cyclopean slate quarries, where the earth turns itself outside in. 'Glencoe Inn!' Time hath wrought strange alterations! But, even yet, to inquire after the site of the massacre makes the lonely dweller in the glen walk more erect in the consciousness of having inherited a wrong, and that is about the same as being heir to an honour. The road up the valley—disappointed till near the summit of the ascent. There it is all that imagination could picture, or Martin copy. King's House—not a blush on the sky, but enough on the landlord's face—Bardolph outdone. The day grew sunny in the light of his countenance. Inveruran—A forest without trees, or trees like Witherington 'in doleful dumps'—fighting with time 'upon their stumps.' Tyndrum—Before which, fifty waterfalls, that would any one of them make the Vauxhall men's fortune. A good inn, and surpassing mutton-chops.

"Route by Glenfalloch to Tarbet—Ride down the Gare Loch, an epitome of Highland scenery. Helensburgh—Check shirts ominous of a regatta—likely to be some sailing matches of more kinds than one, and probably a row or two. Gigs and giggling—picked up some knowledge of signals, and— \* \* \* Cætera Desunt."

In the next extract we have a capital illustration of

#### "PRIDE AND HUMILITY."

"Old Ironside, the Guardian, has already admirably painted the degrees of civility, shown by a rich man of etiquette to persons of his acquaintance, according to their title and rank, from 'My lord, your devoted servant!' to 'Ha, Frank! how are you?' Pride, now-a-days, displays itself in the same, or, perhaps, a more offensive manner, than etiquette did in similar circumstances in the time of Queen Anne.

"Jack Wilson was a school-fellow of mine, and we were often engaged in boyish pranks together. I was once beaten for him rather than tell that he was, and I was not, the aggressor; and 'play-days,' usually spent together, in summer, in bird-nesting, and in winter in reading whatever we could lay our hands on, provided it was nothing 'in shape or pressure' at all resembling what we were forced to study during the rest of the week. Well, Jack, being older than me, first left the school, and, by good luck or good interest, got a junior clerk's place in a merchant's counting-house. He ceased then to invite me often to his father's house; in a few months he ceased to invite me at all. Six months after he left school he gave up taking my arm; in less than a twelvemonth he shook hands through all the varieties of hearty, joking, kind, damp, cold, and frosty; and,

by the expiry of that period, fairly relinquished shaking mine at all. His salary rose, and he got a long coat. He then began to Sir me when we met. When the bunch of seals and white neckcloth were added, he passed with a 'How d'ye do?' which, as months wore on, got to a nod, and came to a jerk, sideways, as if pride stiffened the neck, and memory pulled it awry in spite of him. His eyesight and memory, though he is but twenty-two, have now both deserted him. (Copying letters and folding samples, I am given to know, is bad for both.) He does not choose to know me—I scorn to remember him. Thus pride and humility combine to produce the same results in both of us."

Mr. Atkinson is, we think, rather less happy in his poetry than his prose. The following, however, is pretty:—

#### "I DID NOT WEEP."

"I did not weep when I was told  
Thy bridal day was near;  
But, ah! the words dropped icy cold  
Upon my anguish'd ear!  
Like 'dust to dust' upon a bier,  
The sounds sepulchral fell;  
And my faint heart shrunk back in fear  
At this its hopes' sad knell."

"I met thee—on my marble brow  
There wrinkled no fierce ire;  
I touch'd thee—thou wast chang'd, and now  
The thrill had nought of fire.  
I smiled—my pride did that demand;  
And thou hadst taught how well  
Deep thoughts may wear a guise all bland,  
Yea, smil'd a cold Farewell!"

In dismissing this book we must say that it is very creditably got up, being bound in smart silk boards, and embellished with two or three clever plates. We wish it success, and hope to see another similar volume next year.

#### SNUFFERS AND SMOKERS.

*Nicotiana; or the Smoker's and Snuff-taker's Companion: containing the History of Tobacco, Culture, Medical Qualities, and the Laws relative to its Importation and Manufacture: with an Essay in its Defence. The whole elegantly embellished and interspersed with Original Poetry and Anecdotes, being intended as an amusing and instructive Volume for all genuine Lovers of the Herb.* By Henry James Meller, Esq. Effingham Wilson.

MR. MELLER having given in his title-page a pretty lengthy account of the contents of his work, we are left at liberty to consider his preface, in which the "defence" of smoking and snuffing is comprised.

Our author sets out with the remark, that "many an excellent cause has been lost through the want of sound arguments, founded on a knowledge of the case, to support and place it in its proper light." He then laments the prejudice which exists



against the use of tobacco, and proceeds to take up the cudgels "in the above glorious cause," which he supports by the following arguments:—

*First.* "Smoking that is called *unsocial*, the author affirms to be the common source of harmony and comfort,—the badge of good fellowship in almost every state, kingdom, and empire," &c.

*Secondly.* "Smoking that is termed *low and vulgar* was, and is, an occasional recreation with most of the *crowned heads* of Europe; among which may be named, his late majesty, and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland (!) Ferdinand of Spain, and the Emperor Nicholas of Germany (!)—besides very many of the nobility of either empires and kingdoms," &c.

*Thirdly.* "Smoking that is termed *idle*, is singularly popular with mechanics, the most industrious classes of England."

*Fourthly.* "Smoking that is said to be *dirty and filthy*, is in the greatest esteem among the most moral and cleanly sect in christianity—the Society of Friends, or Quakers," &c.

*Fifthly.* "Smoking that is affirmed to be *revolting and disgusting*, is indulged in by the most rigidly kept women in the world—those of Turkey, who, elevated in the dignity of the Haram, are taught to consider a whiff of their lord's *chibouque*, a distinction. Then the ladies of both Old and New Spain, who, twining in the mazes of the giddy waltz, take the *cigarros* from their own pretty lips, to transfer to those of their favoured partners," &c. &c.

"Now, in regard to snuff, that like smoking is so much abused," Mr. Meller is equally ready in its defence, on the plea that it is used to excess in that most polished of polished nations, France; and a quotation from Molière is added in its recommendation.

Our author considers snuffing and smoking to be the two surest roads to civilization and happiness, and illustrates his opinions with the following, amongst other supposed cases:—

"A man in public wishing to give utterance to some particular opinion or sentiment, invariably finds the pipe or the pinch the best prompter. A man wishing to be silent, finds the pipe his excuser. A man in anger with himself, his family, or the public, the pipe or the pinch will generally restore to kindness. A man desirous of meeting a friend, need but give him a 'pinch,' and the heart is at once open to his reception. A man in misfortune, either in sickness or in circumstance, will learn philosophy from the pipe, and count upon the latter, at least, as his own; in this case, from both tobacco and snuff, he borrows an independent vigour, and a cheerfulness that shines even in the sadness of his heart," &c.

Again:—

"Amongst the incidental benefits of the pipe and box, may also be noticed their great advantages in a *converzatione*; they smooth the arrogance of an apostrophe, and soften the virulence of a negative, give strength to an ejaculation, and confidence to a whisper. In short, they extract the sting, and purify the spirit, which are too frequently inhering concomitants in the common associations of life."

The author concludes with the elegant reflection, that "should he not be so fortunate in upholding—

"—The grand cause  
I smokes—I snuffs—I chaws,"—

Philosophy still offers him consolation for the degeneracy of the times, in a pinch of *Lundyfoot*, or the fumes of his *Merschbaum*.—Magnanimous, even in defeat!

Having now heard this gentleman's Nicotian defence impartially to the end, we take the liberty of making one remark upon the state of the case. Whilst Mr. Meller insists that the "pinch and pipe" conduce immeasurably to the elegance and agreeableness of those who adopt them, the ladies, it is well known, maintain that notwithstanding their use of the said "pipe and pinch," these gentlemen are intolerable in society; is it not, then, a question, how far these gentry would be fitted, in their *natural state*, for the humanities of life? The fact is, it is a pure matter of taste; and, the ladies being by common consent the arbiters, the rulers, the *originators* of all that is tasteful and elegant, ought alone to be consulted upon the dispute in question. All ye gallant youths of London, therefore, abstain from the fumes of the "pipe and pinch" till your fair compatriots, like the ladies of Old and New Spain, "take the *cigarros* from their own pretty lips to transfer to those of their favoured partners;"—and all ye young ladies, read Mr. Meller's book, and learn how amiable will be the concession therein so ardently sued for.

### Winter Tales.

#### THE DISMAL STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"SPEAK not," she said, "of bookish tales;  
Of haunted halls and spectres bold!  
For things in real life there are  
More sadly wild, more dismal far,  
Than ever fiction told:  
And you shall hear a tale of truth;  
The pains and sorrows of my youth."

"From very childhood I had learnt  
Labour and weariness to bear:  
My parents died; and upon me  
Devolved a numerous family,  
And many an early care;  
Sickly the children were, and small,  
And yet I reared and nurtured all."

"We lived upon a northern moor,  
Where 'mong the heath wild berries grew;  
It was a lonesome place, yet fair;  
And from the hills, a clear fresh air,  
Ever around it blew;  
And sparkling streams, o'er moss and stone,  
From hidden springs went singing on."

"The freshness of that wholesome air  
Gave strength unto each youthful frame;  
And a wild flow of spirits strong  
Made labour lightly pass along,  
Till other troubles came—  
Ah, love doth cunning snares devise  
To draw young hearts from paradise!"

"To me, a simple country maid,  
He came, in glorious colours drest;  
With brow erect and stately limb,  
A soldier-youth, in gallant trim,  
With helm and nodding crest,—  
And burning speech that poured along,  
Like rivers of the mountains strong."

"We wedded—and I left my home,  
That pure and solitary life,  
In busy camps the arts to learn  
Of evil natures cold and stern;  
To be a soldier's wife—  
To have no home—to roam afar,  
Still following the career of war."

"A marching regiment was ours.  
And to America was sent;  
Our station was among the woods,  
In dreary desert solitudes,  
'Mong marshes pestilent;  
Where, left uncertain of their fate,  
They grew morose, then desperate."

"No wonder that the brave rebelled!  
The food was scant, the water bad;  
And the hot air was filled with flies,  
Whose stings were scorching agonies,  
That well nigh drove us mad;  
And there, four weary months we lay,  
Not living—dying day by day."

"My husband was a daring man,  
Lawless, and wild, and resolute;  
And spirits like his own were there,  
Who leagued themselves with him, and swore  
His word to execute.  
In vain my heart foreboded ill,  
I could not turn his stubborn will."

"We left the camp at still midnight,  
And struck into the thickest woods;  
By day to dreary caves we crept,  
And while some watched, the others slept;  
By night our course pursued,  
Still keeping westward, and away  
From tracts where habitations lay."

"Oh! how I envied the wild things  
That lived in forest or morass!  
They had no fear—but my weak heart  
Died if a squirrel did but start,  
Or stir the withered grass!  
And when my comrades laughed and sung,  
With boding dread my soul was wrung."

"My terror peopled the still woods!  
And like the snake, beneath the trees,  
I saw the creeping Indian prone,  
Yet no eye saw him but my own!  
I heard upon the breeze,  
When others said the air was mute,  
Wild voices as in hot pursuit."



"In vain we sought a safe retreat,  
For us the wilderness had none,  
Till drooping heart, and failing strength,  
Wore out the little band at length;  
They dropped off one by one,  
Without a sigh from kindred grief,  
Scarce noticed, like an autumn leaf.

"At last we two alone remained;  
And then an Indian hut we found,—  
A wild, and low, and dismal place,  
Where savage life left many a trace,  
Of murder all around;  
Three shattered skulls, deformed and bare,  
And tangled tufts of human hair,  
And many a horrid stain was there.

"Well—even there we made our home;  
It was so lone, so lost, so wide  
Of any track—my husband said,  
"Here we are safe as with the dead,  
And here we will abide."  
And so we might, but for the awe  
Of what I heard and what I saw.

"I'll tell you—he was in the woods,  
He had been gone since morning clear,  
And then 'twas nightfall, and I heard  
The bullfrog, and the wailing bird,  
And wild wolf barking near;  
And, through the grass, and in the brake  
I heard the rattling of the snake.

"I made a fire outside the door,  
To keep the creatures from my home:  
And in the gloom I sat me down,  
Still looking to the forest brown,  
And wishing he would come;  
When in the black hut's blackest nook,  
I heard a sound—scarce dared I look!

"And yet I did—the skulls lay there,  
And there I saw a wannish flame;  
And, one by one, those bones so cold  
Grew horrid faces, black and old;  
And from their jaws there came  
Mutterings and jibberings, low at first,  
Then loud and louder, till they burst  
Like thundering yells from lungs accurst.

"A din as of ten thousand wheels  
Seemed whirling, stunning, in my brain;  
And that fiend's fire, all multiplied,  
Dazzled and danced in circles wide,  
Now pale, then bright again!  
I felt my stiffened hair stand up,  
And, cold as death, my pulses stop.

"'Twas midnight when my husband came,  
The fire of pine-wood had burned low;  
And, stiff, with eyeballs staring wide,  
He found me, speechless—stupified,  
And pale as desert snow:  
Long time he strove, with loving pain,  
Ere he recalled my life again.

"I told him all:—and that lone place  
We left before the morning smiled;  
And then beneath the forest tree  
We lived in simple luxury,  
Like natives of the wild:  
Our food the chase supplied—our wine  
The clusters of the Indian vine.

"But man is tyrant to his brother!  
They heard of the free life we led:  
They found him, like the Indian, drest  
In hunter-spoils, and with a crest  
Of feathers on his head.

Oh, stony hearts! they did not heed  
A cruel vengeance they decreed!

"They hung him on a forest tree,  
As he a murderer had been!  
Oh, wretched man! if he did wrong,  
'Twas that temptation had been stroeg;  
Nor was it deadly sin!

They staid by him till life had fled,  
And then they left me with the dead.

"'Twas well for me I had been used  
To hardship from my early years,  
Or I had never borne that hour!  
But God sustained my heart with power,  
And freed my soul from fears;  
And in the desert, all alone,  
Beside the dead I made my moan.

"I washed his body in the stream,  
That through a neighbouring thicket ran;  
I closed his eyes; I combed his hair;  
I laid his limbs with decent care;  
He was a murdered man!  
I saw, upon the second day,  
The raven watching for its prey.

"Then, then I first began to feel  
That I was all alone, alone!  
Wildly I glanced behind each tree;  
The Indian had been company—  
Aught human must have pitied me!  
But human form was none.

Then, with a firm but sad intent,  
Silently to my work I went.

"I found a hollow by the stream,  
A little cave, where one might lie  
In shelter from the noon-day sun;  
There bore I my uncoffined one,  
And wished I too could die!  
I laid him on the rocky floor,  
With moss and white sand sprinkled o'er.

"The entrance to the cave was low,  
Scarce rising two feet from the ground,  
And this, with long unwearied care,  
I closed with stones collected there,  
That by none might be found  
That sepulchre, so lone and dim,  
Where in my grief I buried him!

"There was a large and mossy stone,  
Without the cave, and there I sate,  
Like Mary by the sepulchre;  
But a bright angel sate with her—  
I, I was desolate!  
Oh! miserable time of woe,  
How it went by I do not know!

"I must have perished with the dead,  
From that great grief and want of food,  
But that an English party, sent  
To burn an Indian settlement,  
There found me in the wood;  
They bore me thence—they clothed—they fed  
And my poor spirit comforted.

"Since then—'tis five and fifty years;  
So long, it might seem fancy all—  
But that I know this silver hair  
Was whitened by that heavy care;  
And names and dates I can recall,  
So deeply in my soul inlaid  
By burning pangs, they cannot fade!"

## Science and Art.

### CHOLERA MORBUS.

*The Catechism of Health, &c.* By A. B. Granville, M.D. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is a very sensible little book, containing "plain and simple rules for the preservation of health, and the attainment of long life;" a matter which has been too long enveloped in scientific mystery by those who, perhaps, fancy no one has a right to know what health and long life are but such as can pay good thumping fees for their enjoyment.

Dr. Granville has had a great deal of experience, both at home and in foreign parts, the result of which, thus honestly set forth in straight-forward question and answer, must be of considerable service to the public at large. Our more immediate object, however, in noticing this little volume, was to introduce the doctor's opinions on cholera morbus, and its treatment, on which he speaks in a bold and manly style, and to which we shall now confine our attention.

"The alarm," he says, "which has been excited about *cholera*, and the ravages it commits, is indeed great; and, I will be free to say, unnecessarily exaggerated;" and then, after reminding us that terror is the most effectual pre-disposer to all such disorders, and recommending every well-wisher to the community to allay, as much as in his power, this fever of the mind, which is too frequently the first stage of that of the body, he adds:—

"Q. *What is Cholera?*—A. The name given to a disease prevalent from time immemorial in every country in the civilised world, and making its appearance generally, and in its more ordinary form, at the close of the summer, during the autumn, or in the rainy season.

"Q. Does the name itself imply any thing that has a reference to the nature of the disease?—A. Not at all. The name is derived from two Greek words, the one meaning *bile*, the other *to flow*; and is meant to imply that this is a bilious disorder, or an overflow of bile—literally, a *bile-flux*; a fact questionable in all species of cholera, but nearly disproved in that severer form of the disorder which is now occupying so much of the public attention.

"Q. Then *Cholera Morbus* means no more or less than bilious disorder—as one would say, bilious fever or bilious complaint?—A. Just so. And you will immediately perceive the incorrectness of the name when you shall have been informed, that in the severer form of cholera, except in a few cases, bile does not make its appearance either at the outset or during the progress of the disease, but only at the commencement of the recovery.

"Q. But I have also heard the severer



form of this disease named *spasmodic cholera*, and *Indian* or *Asiatic cholera*. Are those appellations more appropriate?—A. Neither of them is. The first would imply that *spasm* accompanies only the severer form of the disorder; whereas it is a symptom present in all species of cholera;—while the second would equally mislead us, if it induced us to believe that the severer form of cholera is of Indian or Asiatic origin; for cases of the most fatal description of cholera have, from time to time, occurred accidentally, as well as *epidemically*, in all parts of the world, attended by every symptom which characterises the cholera at present raging in Europe. In 1821, an expedition sailed from Trieste, under the command of Baron Schimmelpenninck, for the purpose of circumnavigating the globe. It was, I believe, the first that the Austrian government had ever sent out on such an errand; but the accomplishment of its intention was thwarted by the spontaneous appearance of cholera, soon after the arrival of the expedition in warmer latitudes. It proved fatal, in a very short time, to nearly the whole of the crew, including the captain and the celebrated botanist, Bohms. In 1600, cholera, in its severest form, made the tour of Europe, and destroyed a very large proportion of those who were attacked by it. The same complaint is now following something like the same course.

“Q. Then, I am to understand, that the cholera with which we are threatened as something new to this country, and against the expected importation of which from the Continent, *The London Gazette*, of the 20th of October, contained sundry extraordinary rules and regulations, is only what is already known as cholera in England, or any where else; with this difference, that its symptoms are more severe, its progress more rapid, and its results more fatal?—A. Exactly so. \* \* \*

“Q. Are there not some other distinguishing marks to be traced between the English and foreign severe cholera?—A. There may be in the intensity of some of the symptoms; but the same symptoms, both as to number and description, are present in the English as well as foreign cholera.”

*The Cause of Cholera* he considers to be “a peculiar state, condition, and modification of the atmosphere we live in; a congeries of meteorological phenomena referrible to the air and to the soil we dwell upon; in fact, a blight, a poison, an obnoxious something which is formed round about us—how, we know not—and which, moving with the atmosphere and spreading itself to different extents within it, shows its hostility to the human constitution whenever this is exposed to its direct and continued influence.” This producing “excessive proneness to indigestion, with

the formation of an acid of the most pungent and deleterious nature, probably nearly allied to muriatic acid, giving rise to the affection of the nerves,” &c.

*Of the Cure.*—“I place not the slightest faith in your Cajeput oil, camphor, oil of peppermint, or cinnamon—your pure stimulants, and all the cholera drugs which the late Board of Health have suddenly raised into notoriety by their recommendation, and through notoriety into a high price, which has proved the means of making the fortunes of some score of druggists. That which I recommend is simple, cheap, and I trust will be found intelligible as well as easy of execution. On its being ascertained, from the symptoms detailed in this work, that an individual has been attacked by cholera, let a wine-glassful of hot water, with twenty of the ‘stimulating alkaline drops,’—of which I have left the prescription with a highly respectable chemist in London, [Mr. Garden, of Oxford Street,]—and thirty drops of laudanum, be given. This is to be repeated every twenty minutes, until some relief or the cessation of vomiting takes place. In the intervals, if great thirst exist, and prostration of strength, with very cold skin and clamminess, large draughts of water, as warm as can be swallowed, with one-fifth part of brandy, should be drunk. This will be found to quench thirst sooner than cold water, and will assist materially in producing a warm perspiration. But as the latter is the next important object to be obtained, and should be secured to the patient without any loss of time, reliance must not be placed alone on the hot brandy and water drunk, nor on the ‘stimulating alkaline drops’ taken along with it; although they are also a powerful sudorific, at the same time that they safely stimulate the system, and neutralise any acid present in the stomach, with a rapidity scarcely to be believed by those who have not witnessed its effects. Other means must, therefore, be adopted to produce perspiration at all events, and that quickly too; and as in the choice of these we are much limited by the necessity of keeping the patient quite in the horizontal position, our endeavours should be directed to the application of heat with a little moisture to the body. For this purpose, I recommend a couple of bushels of bran, boiled rapidly in very little water, in a copper or large saucepan, or earthen vessel, over a brisk fire, drained through a flannel, and very thickly scattered all over the chest and belly of the patient, sides and all. This is to be retained in its place by bringing the two sides of a blanket, on which I suppose the patient to be lying, over the belly, and fastening them tight in that position. This process will produce, in a very few minutes, the most copious and warm perspiration. The refuse grains

of malt or oats, similarly boiled, will answer the same purpose where bran is not at hand. I have no faith in the portable vapour baths, the steam of water thrown up under the bed-clothes, or the lighting of a spirit-lamp, placed similarly, which have been recommended. I have often and long ago tried all these means in cases of puerperal fever and acute rheumatism; and in one remarkable instance of the latter disease in my own case, but found them totally inadequate to the object in view, and many of them quite inefficient. Let not the public, therefore, be misled on this point. As for sand-bags and bags of salt, as mentioned in the circular of the former Board, they are perfectly inactive, besides being troublesome, because of the great number that is required of them, and the time lost in preparing them. \* \* \*

While the warm applications are proceeding, and the internal medicines given, a degree of revulsion should be produced by rapidly promoted counter-irritation on the skin. This will be found to give impetus to the circulation, and thereby to ease the tumult existing in the centre of the body. The counter-irritation should be applied to the thighs and to the upper part—not to the soles, as recommended, of the feet. There are a great many counter-irritants, or agents, which produce irritation on the surface of the body, that have been recommended in this disease, (for the principle is generally adopted by all of us;) but some are objectionable, and most of them too slow in their operation; and here we have no time to lose. A common blister is too slow; a mustard poultice, besides being slow, is inefficient; tartarised antimony ointment is out of the question. Nitric acid, and even a liniment with vitriolic acid, have been recommended and employed; but these char the skin, and form eschars, which are, so far, a check, rather than an encouragement, to rapid counter-irritation. Some practitioners, fully aware of the great importance of raising a blister on the surface of the body quickly, have actually poured boiling water on the belly in the treatment of cholera; but this is a cruel method, and liable to much consequent mischief. As to camphor and turpentine liniments, we might as well amuse ourselves in blowing cold air on the limbs of the patient. The effect to be produced must be rapid, permanent, available, and general in its influence on the constitution.”

#### NEW PATENTS.—SEALED, 1831.

*Spinning.*—Joshua Bates, of Bishopsgate Street, London, gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for roving, twisting, or spinning cotton, silk, wool, hemp, flax, or other fibrous substances. Communicated by a foreigner, residing abroad. October 27—six months.



**Upholstery.**—Sarah Guppy, of Tarway House, Clifton, near Bristol, widow, for a method of applying and arranging certain pieces of cabinet work, upholstery, and other articles, commonly or frequently applied to bedsteads and hangings; and also others not hitherto so applied. October 27—two months.

**Iron Bridges.**—James Macdonald of the University Club House, Pall Mall East, Middlesex, gentleman, for a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of bridges made of iron, or other materials, which improvements are also applicable to the construction of piers, railroads, roofs, and other useful purposes. Communicated by a foreigner, residing abroad. October 31—six months.

**Table-Fastenings.**—George Minter, of Princes Street, Soho, Middlesex, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, for a fastening for dining tables and other purposes. November 9—two months.

**Steam.**—Thomas Brunton, Park Square, Regent's Park, Middlesex, Esq., for a new application or adaptation of certain apparatus for heating fluids or liquids, and generating steam for various useful purposes. November 15—six months.

**Raising Water.**—Thomas Brunton, of Park Square, Regent's Park, Middlesex, Esq., and Thomas John Fuller, of the Commercial Road, Limehouse, Middlesex, civil engineer, for their improvement or improvements on certain mechanical apparatus, applicable to the raising of water, and other useful purposes. November 15—six months.

**Rudders.**—Arthur Howe Holdsworth, of Dartmouth Devon, Esq., for improvements in the construction of rudders, and in the application of the same to certain descriptions of ships or vessels. November 19—six months.

**Carding Wool.**—David Selden, of Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant, for an improved carding and slubbing engine for wool, and other fibrous substances. November 22—six months.

## Byron Correspondence.

### LETTER II.

Directed

"To John Hunt, Esqre.

"To ye care of Leigh Hunt, Esq.

"&c. &c. &c.

"Genoa, Jy. 8th, 1823.

"SIR—I have written more than once to Mr. Kinnaid, to sanction his employment of the best counsel in your defence, and I forwarded a note to the same gentleman (to the same purport) to your brother. This he was to enclose to you in his own letter, and you were to have the goodness to deliver it in person.—I understand but little

of the jargon, but you have every thing to apprehend from the abuse of these factions. I offered to your brother to stand the trial instead, and to go over to England for that purpose, but he tells me that this would be of no use to you, nor would probably be permitted by the gang.—With regard to the arrangements for the publication of the D. J., Mr. Kinnaid is my trustee in all matters of business. I am not very sanguine on the subject, and would not have you be so, for you must be aware how violent public opinion is at this moment against myself, and others—besides the combination against you which you may expect from 'the trade,' as it is called.—I sent a 12th canto to Mr. K., on the 14th of Dec. 1822. The whole series would form two vols. of the same size as former ones, and I expect to have the proofs soon, that they may be correct, or at least corrected. With regard to 'The Liberal,' perhaps towards the middle of the year you might collect any pieces of mine from the past numbers, and republish them in a volume correspondent to my other works.—How far such a plan may be useful I know not at present, but I trust that no time will be lost by Mr. K. in providing you with the best counsel, and seeing the question at least fairly tried—it is an important one in a general point of view, or there is an end of history. Southey's 'Vision' ought to be cited in your defence, and also it ought to be stated how the obnoxious passages (at least some of them) came to remain in the published text.—But all this is for yr counsel's consideration.—Let them lose no time.—I have the honour to be very truly

"Your's, ever, &c. &c.

"N. B.

"P.S. The principal object for you in 'The Liberal' is to employ good writers and to pay them handsomely. I have no personal objections to any gentleman you may wish to engage, nor if I had would I allow such to weigh with me a moment, when it can be of service to you."

### THE VIOLIN.

WE meet with an intelligent paper in *The Metropolitan Magazine* for this month, from which we extract the following particulars:—

"The violin, on its first appearance in the world, was treated with much contempt by the performers on the grave and stately instruments which it was destined so soon to supersede. It was accused of 'screaming and scolding,' and was considered as fit only to keep in exercise the heels of dancers at fairs; while the higher places continued to be occupied by players on the lute, the harp, the viol, and the theorbo,—names of a poetical and classical sound, which the violin has never come to be. The instrument was invented after the age of originality in poetry was over.

Poetry dislikes all that is modern. For its allusions, its imagery, its machinery, even its language, it loves to go back to the days when it was new and fresh—to the ages which gave birth to those productions, which all after ages have been able to do no more than copy. A poetical hero must still be armed *à la Grecque*. Were he Marlborough or Wellington, he must be accoutred like Achilles or Hector,—not with a regimental coat, cocked hat, and military boots, but with cuirass, helm, and shield. Or, if a poet may venture to leave the ancient world, he cannot get beyond the middle ages—the ages shining, under one aspect, with the splendour of chivalry, and, under another, dark with the gloom of monkish superstition. A knight in 'panoply of polish'd steel,' or a cowed inhabitant of the cloister, is still a poetical object, as well as an antique hero or pagan priest; in the same manner as a Gothic cathedral, or frowning 'donjon keep,' is still poetical, as well as a temple of Jupiter. But when we come to the present and familiar times, poetry is lost. Scott himself, after having by the help of the mail-clad chivalry of Flodden produced a battle unequalled since the days of Homer, could make nothing of well-drilled regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; and the poet himself was added to the list of those who 'fell at Waterloo!' Though the violin surpasses the lute, as much as the musket surpasses the bow and arrow, yet Cupid has not yet learned to wound his votaries with a bullet, nor have our poets begun to write odes or stanzas to their violins. Nevertheless, though the violin is nothing to poetry, it is every thing to music. A dwarf in stature, it is a giant in power; and, in the hands of Paganini, it has obtained a triumph which no other organ of musical sound, hardly even the human voice itself, has been able to achieve.

"The violin has been the result of a beautiful series of improvements in the art of producing musical sounds from strings. The rudest stringed instrument was the *testudo*, or lyre; the sounds of which were produced by striking, with the finger, strings in a state of tension, the pitch of each sound being regulated by the length or thickness of the string. Sometimes the strings, instead of the finger, were struck with a *plectrum*, or piece of wood or other hard matter; but this we can hardly imagine to have been an improvement, as the tone of the modern mandoline, which is produced by means of a *plectrum* of quill, is not so agreeable as that of the guitar. A great improvement, however, was the introduction of a sounding-board; the tone of the instrument being thus produced by the vibration of the wood, instead of, as formerly, the mere vibration of the string, and being thus incomparably more full and



resonant. This, most probably, constituted the difference between the *testudo* and the *cithara*, or harp, of the ancients.

"The next great improvement in stringed instruments consisted in giving them a neck, or finger-board; by means of which, the same string, pressed by the fingers at different points, was enabled to give a series of notes. This improvement was first embodied in the instruments of the lute species. The lute is believed to have been originally an eastern instrument, and to have been imported by the Moors into Spain. The lute is, or rather was,—for it has almost disappeared,—an instrument of a most elegant form, with a beautifully turned convex back, tapering into its long neck, or finger-board. It had generally eleven strings; and the finger-board was marked with frets, or divisions, at the points where the strings were pressed by the fingers. There were different species, differing in size and number of strings. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the lute was in its highest vogue. The *preux chevalier* and high-born dame reckoned the art of singing to the lute one of their most elegant and indispensable accomplishments. The poetry of those times is full of it; and it makes the principal figure in the musical pictures of Titian and Rubens. The extreme difficulty, when music became more and more complex, of managing an instrument with so many strings, made the lute fall into disuse.

"The guitar, simpler in its construction than the lute, might seem to have been an improvement on that instrument; but this cannot, in fact, be said to have been the case, as the guitar has been known in Spain, France, and other countries for many centuries. It is now, if we except the mandoline, (a trifling instrument little used,) the only instrument of the lute species of which the practice is still kept up.

"The invention of the bow was the next great step in the progress of stringed instruments. The period of this invention has been the subject of much learned debate, with which we shall not trouble our readers. An instrument called *crwth*, with strings raised on a bridge, and played with a bow, has existed in Wales from a remote antiquity, and has been considered in this country as the father of the violin tribe. The old English term of *crowder*, for fiddler, seems to give countenance to this opinion. It appears, however, from a *Treatise on Music* by Jerome of Moravia, in the thirteenth century, that instruments of this species, already known by the name of viol, existed on the continent.

"The different instruments which went under the general name of viol, were in the most common use during the sixteenth, and till about the middle of the seventeenth century. In construction they differed from each other only in size, as the mo-

dern violin, tenor, and violoncello, differ from each other; but this produced a difference in the manner of playing them, and in their pitch. They were of three sizes; the treble-viol, tenor-viol, and bass-viol. They had six strings, and a finger-board marked with frets, like that of the lute or guitar.

"The last improvement was the change of the viol into the violin. The violin took its rise from the treble viol, by its being diminished in size, having its strings reduced from six to four, and its finger-board deprived of frets. The diminished number of strings made the execution of the passages, which were now introduced into music, more easy; and the removal of the frets enabled the player to regulate the position of the fingers by a much better guide—the delicacy of his own ear. By the same process, the other instruments of the viol tribe were changed into the modern tenor, (which still retains its generic name of viola,) and violoncello.

"The violin seems to have been in general use in France earlier than in Italy, Germany, or England. Its acute and sprightly tones were first used to accompany the dances of that merry nation; a circumstance which, with its puny appearance, made it to be looked on with some contempt when it appeared in these other countries. The first great violin-player, however, on record, was Baltazarini, an Italian, who was brought into France by Catherine de Medicis, in 1577. The celebrated Arcangelo Corelli may be considered the father of the violin; and the Italians have maintained their pre-eminence upon it, from the days of Corelli down to those of Paganini."

## Drama.

### ON THE STATE OF THE DRAMA.

NO. III.

HAS any one of our readers ever taken the trouble of perusing the "criticisms," (so they are called,) which appear in the daily and weekly papers after the production of every miserable novelty at the large houses; and has he ever remarked the woeful incongruities,—nay, direct contradictions which every one of those short paragraphs is sure to abound in? Indeed, we believe, the writers fall into this error, not from accident, but upon premeditated principle of charity and good-nature; in that, after having made some harsh, but, perhaps, very just remark upon the drama under consideration, they think it but right, and fair, and liberal, to counteract any prejudicial effect which that severity might entail to the author's popularity, by the introduction of a kind word or two, directly at variance with it. This is "breaking your head and giving you plaster" with a ven-

geance! Day after day, and week after week, such contradictions as these are continually appearing. We are told, in the first place, that such and such a farce is "an adaptation from a lively French trifle," but that it has "no great pretensions as to character or dialogue;" that the language is of "a very common-place order;"—BUT that Mr. Liston was "excessively droll, and succeeded in raising a hearty laugh," &c. &c.; with the wind-up, that the piece was "received throughout with loud applause, was completely successful, and would probably enjoy a run till the end of the season."

Poor old England! "a hearty laugh," at what? At Mr. Liston, who makes himself "excessively droll;" At what—the "loud applause!" at the "common-place dialogue of a farce of no great pretensions." Happy, happy John Bull, to be so easily pleased, and, oh! more happy translator of "lively French trifles," to be at once so "completely successful," that your work may probably "enjoy a run—till the end of the season." Prodigious immortality!

When we read such notices as these, we blush for the pilfering genius of our country, and are actually ashamed when we fall in with a foreigner at one of our theatres, who, at the conclusion of every entertainment, is sure to stammer forth:—"Dat vas took from us; but, by Gar! it is ver much spoilt!" Our imagination then, perhaps, travels back to days gone by, and we fancy we behold the shades of Shakspeare, Jonson, Massinger, Otway, Congreve, Sheridan, and a long line of master-spirits, whose writings had once established our stage beyond all comparison with any other stage in Europe, with face averted from the melancholy scene of desolation; and we mentally exclaim—"How are the mighty fallen!"

Have our managers no sense of shame, no sense of patriotic pride,—or why are they so heedless of what concerns the honour of their country? Why so unmindful of their own reputation, their own profit, as to persist in this ruinous course?

They, perhaps, will reply to us, by acknowledging the justice of our remarks upon the degeneracy of the drama, but regretting, at the same time, that it is beyond their power to hinder its progress. What?—will they tell us that genius is extinct amongst us; that the spirits of great men past and gone are all the trophies we can boast of; that the grandsons of giants and heroes are dwindled into pigmies! They cannot, they dare not, stand forth in the face of open day, and utter so foul a libel upon a nation, which now boasts an enlightenment and fecundity in every other branch of literature and science before unknown. But shall we, indeed, be seriously told that the national genius for the drama and poetry is no more,



and that there are at present no *national* productions to be had worthy of amusing or interesting a great and free people? No *national* genius for the drama! then shut up the gates of our *national* theatres, which are but mockeries of our shame,—temples of our folly!

But we deny the libel before 'tis uttered. Talent we know there has been, and now is, labouring in obscurity, still flattering itself that one day it may be courted to the light. True genius stands aloof, makes no loud boastings, but waits till the eye of kindred genius discovers its retreat, and the hand of kindred genius is stretched forth to drag it from behind the crowd of brainless, shameless coxcombs who are clamouring for preferment. But where is that eye, that hand of kindred genius to be found? Is it amongst the present directors of our theatres? We leave existing facts to answer the question.\*

Let managers turn over a new leaf, and try a more liberal plan, if only by the way of "novelty," of which they all declare themselves so much in need; let them look through the pile of paper they have doomed to perdition, and before they return it *all*, select one or two original MSS. from authors as yet unknown to the public; let them announce their intended wonderful feat in the newspapers of the previous day, and we will ensure them a crowded house; let them give the piece a fair trial, "a clear stage and no favour, my lords," and, if it is successful, they will be honest enough to thank us for a useful hint; if *damned*,—why—it will be no "novelty" to be sure, but then also it will be but as one drop in the ocean of their "withdrawals."

One tragedy, one comedy, one opera, and a couple or three farces selected in this

\* To show, however, that our notions of "kindred genius," are not wild and visionary, but that such a fellow-feeling once actually existed, and that it worked for good, one instance shall suffice. When that child of genius and of sorrows, Maturin, had finished his tragedy of *Bertram*, he sent it to Drury Lane theatre, inclosed to Lord Byron, as the head of the presiding committee, accompanied by a note, stating that the author was in extreme distress; his only hope was in that tragedy, for which the utmost of his expectations of reward were comprised in the moderate sum of *fifty pounds*. On the very next day, or at furthest on the one following, he received a note from the noble bard, informing him that he had read his tragedy three several times,—that he had sat up at night to do so; that he had spoken of it to Murray, who offered *eight hundred pounds* for the copyright, and that the theatre would pay him *seven hundred more* for the previous use of it. Where is there now a "reader" who would infringe upon one meal, or omit one nap, for the noblest poetry in Christendom?

honest manner from the crowd of applicants who are waiting for admittance at their gates, would surely put the question upon a fairer footing; and, whatever, the result, would entirely vindicate the managers from the charge of carelessness and illiberality under which they now labour. In urging this course, we would remind them, that there are many and sufficient bright instances on record, of rejected pieces being subsequently produced, and received with triumphant success;—a success which has carried them gloriously, not only "till the close of the season" in which they made their first appearance, but through dozens and dozens of seasons, leaving them yet fresh for the race, and welcome as ever.

The manager who pays his rent regularly, and his actors' salaries every week, may, perhaps, wonder at our presuming to dictate to him in affairs which can only concern himself. "May not I do what I please with my own?" he will exclaim; "if I choose to have French tragedies, Spanish comedies, German farces, and Chinese operas, with Turkish chiefs for fiddlers, and Barbadoes monkeys for my actors, who shall stop me, so that I pay for them?" "Your defence sounds just," we should reply, "but may not every body in like manner claim the right of doing what he pleases with his own? May not the poor author, for instance, whom you reject and despise, (provided he pay his stationer for his pens and paper,) may not he be allowed to employ what is his own to the best advantage?" No! assuredly not! The law, that great establisher of right and wrong, steps in to prevent him. You reject his tragedy; what resources are left him to vindicate his character, to satisfy his injured pride, to remunerate his labour? If he print his poem, a double "road to ruin" is before him, and lost he is beyond hope; for, if he happen not to hit upon the public taste, his book goes to the cheesemongers, and there is the "devil to pay" with the printers; on the other hand, if the voice of common consent proclaim it the work of a superior genius, the very theatre who expelled it, will now, as in duty bound to "a discriminating and liberal public," act the piece despite the author's entreaties, and laugh him in the face when he dares to apply for a small share of the profits of his labours. Again, suppose he take his play in MS. to one of the minor houses,—it is as much as their licenses are worth to produce it.

The patent monopoly which the larger theatres have so long been permitted to enjoy, is now, not only a glaring injustice, but a thoroughly disgusting farce. The proprietors of these houses have hitherto defended their title to exclusiveness on the plea of the higher order of entertainments which it enables them to produce, and their

fostering attention to the cultivation and growth of the "legitimate drama." But now that the "legitimate drama" of which they boast has descended, of its own free will, to the level, and generally below the level of the "spurious" performances of the minor houses, it is evident that the hateful patent is no longer necessary to foster that "legitimacy" which finds so easy a growth in other less classic soil. This point, however, is one of too deep importance to be hurried over here. Before very long you may hear again from, your's,  
J. N.

#### DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Brigand; Charles the Twelfth; Hyder Ali.

Saturday.—Artaxerxes; Popping the Question; Comfortable Lodgings.

Monday.—Richard the Third; Hyder Ali.

Tuesday.—The Barber of Seville; the Scape Goat; High Life Below Stairs.

Wednesday.—Masaniello, Hyder Ali.

Thursday.—The Barber of Seville; the Bride of Ludgate.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—The Iron Chest; Auld Robin Gray; the Irish Ambassador.

Saturday.—Artaxerxes; Blue Devils; the Irish Ambassador.

Monday.—Pizarro; the Blind Boy.

Tuesday.—Artaxerxes; Country Quarters; the Irish Ambassador.

Wednesday.—The Revenge; Country Quarters; the Irish Ambassador.

Thursday.—Artaxerxes; Country Quarters; the Irish Ambassador.

THE new debutante at Covent Garden having fully established herself in public favour, is announced for Thursday next, in the character of *Polly*, (*Beggar's Opera*.) The following is, we think, a judicious criticism on her *Mandane*:—

(From a Correspondent.)—"We were present at this theatre on Tuesday evening, to hear Miss Shirreff in the character of *Mandane*, and upon a more mature consideration are inclined to think it probable that this accomplished young lady might have made even a more successful *debut* than she has done, had there been a greater choice of recitative operas. It is to be regretted that *Artaxerxes* is the only regular English opera now performed. This is, we believe, the third time that Mr. Welsh has brought out a pupil in that opera, which has, it appears, become a sort of "*Hobson's choice*" with *debutantes* of a superior caste. To hint at any thing like a disparagement of Dr. Arne's music, would, we fear, startle some of our readers; and yet we cannot refrain from saying, that some of the music of this opera is not sufficiently chaste for Miss Shirreff's style. Her *forte* is unquestionably not in the bravura; and in this is much of the difference between her singing and that of Mrs. Wood. Miss Shirreff ought to sing the music of Mozart; we should like much to hear her and Miss Inverarity in his opera of *Così fan Tutti*, as produced by Mr. Arnold some two or



three seasons since at the Lyceum. Miss Shirreff sang her part of the duet "Fair Aurora" exquisitely, and in that gem of the opera we at once received a proof of her innate good taste; for she seemed to luxuriate in the sounds produced, and we are convinced that no individual in the theatre enjoyed them more than herself. This duet ought to have been encored instead of one or two of the more noisy airs; but no, the taste of the house was not that way. Miss S. sang "Fly Soft Ideas" with great carefulness and expression, but we should have been more pleased had the prelude upon the word "Fly" been left out, and the song commenced with the melody. Had the first word of the air been "flutter," we should have thought the composer meant the prelude as a musical pun. We have already said that Miss Shirreff's style is not the bravura, and instance her execution of "The Soldier Tired." This song has never been a favourite of ours; to us it seems only a sort of lesson, to try the strength of the lungs, and whether the singer can sing triplets articulately; we never regret even a failure in this air,—'tis not to our taste. Miss Shirreff is a very charming and accomplished singer, she possesses good taste, great judgment, and has a critically nice ear; but we are a little afraid that she aims, if possible, too much at expression. Some of her notes and words are too emphatic, and destroy the evenness of the tone. We are confident she can be sufficiently articulate, and avoid the very slight fault we hint at. We sincerely hope Miss Shirreff will not be misled by injudicious applause, of which she is, we fear, likely to obtain much from her own friends. She should invariably avoid a wish to surprise, and she will be sure to delight; the former feeling an audience soon gets rid of; the latter, they carry home and enjoy over again. Our little favourite, Miss Harriet Cawse, performs the part of *Artaxerxes*, and, as usual, does every thing well. She sang that sweet melody, "In Infancy," as the composer has written it, and we thank her for doing so, for we verily believe that Dr. Arne knew what he was about when he composed it. A well-known favourite is very fond of this song, but she plays sad havoc with the time in one part of it. The performance of Mr. Wilson, as *Arbaces*, was very uneven; his best effort was "Water parted from the Sea," and we never heard it better sung." C.

## OLYMPIC.

The Chaste Salute; The Widow; Geroase Skinner; Olympic Revels.

HERE too success is the order of the day, and precludes the necessity for exertion. A variation in the routine of long-established pieces is made every other night, and this is sufficient to ensure crowded houses and well-entertained audiences.

## ADELPHI.

Victorine; The Wept of the Wish-Ton-Wish; Hyder Ali.

ACCORDING to custom the pieces at this, luckiest of theatres, are enjoying the benefit of a decided run. We are, however, promised some novelty next week.

## ITALIAN OPERA.

WE have been favoured with a peep behind the curtain of this establishment, and can assure our friends and readers that they have every cause to look forward to better days. All things from *Prima Donna* down to lamp-lighter are about to be reformed: even the house itself is wonderfully changed. Last year, it was, as it were, clothed in the decayed weeds of widowhood—this time it is "prankt forth" in the gay splendour of a bride. Before, it was heavy, dull, dirty, and uncomfortable—now, from what we have seen, it promises to be all that a place of intellectual amusement should be.

Our musical readers will be happy to learn, that Signora Battista, the first contralto of the day, is engaged for the whole of the ensuing season. According to report she is anything but a Venus; but before her singing "all distinctions fly." She is a perfect *lusus* in her way—"hideous as night," but melodious as a nightingale. Her power is Circean, and lies in the enchantment of her voice, which, we understand, is quite sufficient to ensnare the wariest critic. In due time, we shall announce all the engagements made by the liberal and spirited *entrepreneur*;—ad interim, we heartily wish him success in the novel and daring system of *musical reform* he has begun.

## Fine Arts.

## ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

WE derived much pleasure from our visit to the second meeting of the above society, held at the Freemason's Tavern, on Wednesday evening last. Among the most interesting specimens by our present artists there displayed, we particularly noticed two portfolios, containing several hundred faithfully executed coloured and pencil sketches and studies, by Joseph West, taken from the old masters, during his travels abroad; as also some very clever but slight sketches from the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, by the same artist; a highly-finished copy, by W. Derby, of Leslie's picture of "Sancho relating the Adventures of his Master to the Duchess;" a beautiful little sketch of the well-known "Hawking Party," in Sir Walter Scott's tale of the "Betrothed," by Edward Landseer, from which, we understand, an engraving is to be made by Robert Grave; the subject is well treated, and capable of making a very inte-

resting print. Nor must we omit mentioning a very captivating "Portrait of a Lady," (in oils) by Bothwell, which was universally admired. The meeting was very well attended, though, by the by, the specimens from amateur collections were not so numerous as we have seen them on some former occasions.

## Miscellanea.

*Puff upon Puff.*—We copy the following elegant *morceau*, *verbatim*, from our eightpenny contemporary, *The Literary Gazette* of two weeks ago:—

"*Burking Extraordinary!*—What will the Lords do? An awful discovery has been made. It seems that two noted men, calling themselves Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, have been taken up through making strenuous exertions this season to Burke the whole of the peerage. They have got their arms down, and shortly will begin pressing them; but not before a great impression has been made will they be bound over to a-peer at the next session. They are well-known resurrectionists, and have lately carried on their trade to a frightful extent, by raising the whole of the extinct Peerage, which a witness is prepared to prove on oath, for he saw them all lying about wrapped up in sheets. [As this seems to be an ingenious puff, we reward it by insertion.—*Ed. L. G.*"]

To say nothing of the bad taste and bad feeling which could dictate such a miserable paragraph, we would inquire of *The Literary Gazette*, whether a similarly "ingenious puff" might always hope for similarly kind treatment at his hands? Day and Martin, Warren, Prince, Rowland, and others, are no mean hands at "ingenious puffs." Would *The Gazette* "reward" these by insertion?

NEW PRINTS, &c. shall receive attention next week.

## Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

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